THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTERFST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1469.

Original Poetry.

TO A SLEEPING BABE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES JACKSON.

Sleep gently on, sweet babe! rest yet awhile,
Rest unbreath'd, and may thy dreams be bright!
And when thou wak'st, awake with bright and smile;
To chase the homebird like a ray of light!
In the long watches of the noiseless night,
May visions gentle line thy placid brow,
And when Life's River, in its billowy might,
O'ajoins thee, may its ripples flow
May the triumphant look through the dark waters plough!

May the huge billows of that loathsome stream
Around thy bark breaking in melody,
Sweet as the music of a Heavenly Dream.
Sing time to sleep with charm-up lullaby!
Lovely and bright in an hour-old may'st be!
Be the pure vault above, from East to West,
Or like the clear blue Heaven of thy sweet eye!
And may the back be ever at its rest,
Calm as the beach when thy gently low-ing breast
Nashville, August, 1849.

THE VOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAVID C. BAYNE.

I heard a little voice
In a flower of the air,
And it seemed to say: Rejoice.
There's no wind from misery there!
O, double-eyed and dear,
Give me a little sand
For the sky will quickly clear."

II

That voice fell on my ear
As a messenger from Heaven—
As the voice of Land" to him
On the storm- cursed ocean driven.
From the long and chee-less night—
Cast off from the light!
And behold! for why was bright!
Augusta, Ga.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the clerk's office of the Court of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

About the years of Hon's Hall, and Grady was not seen. Raymond had left the house in search of Hagar, and Grady in Hagar's curse in the fourth street, and hearing over the back of her chair had stood or to her.

Now, Hagar, I am about to seal it. Targuin- son is mounted in the yard ready to take it to the post-office—tell me, Hagar, shall I send it or not?

I see no reason to send it, on conditions that you agree to my terms.

I cannot—yet I suppose you to stay—do not you see—I shall be very unhappy when you are gone.

Marriage or flight, Hagar; those are my al- ternatives.

He was a waiter room his writing desk, and sealing the letter directed it, then going to the window he beckoned Targuinius. The boy dis- mounted, and entering, received the letter, and, throwing light of stairs, and in time entered the room. Raymond looked at Hagar, who stood pressing the letter into the hands of the boy. Hagar did not offer to interfere. Targuinius left the room, and in two minutes after was in the midst of the yard the letter in hand. Then eyes met them—there was no shadow in the expression of both—the softness of passion sent Raymond's face, the sadness of de- pression on Hagar's. Neither of them spoke for a short time, but Raymond for his manhood, and Hagar for that early in her brave childhood she had made a sort of sacrifice of the refuge of mid-winter sense from fears, refrained. He left the room at last.

Sophie entered it. She paced in a hot mid- show manner, not noticing that Hagar was sitting in the northern chair by the window at which Hagar stood looking out upon the bay, she said.

Hagar, my love, I have come to have a talk with you, not dear child, what is the matter be- tween you and Raymond? who have you quarrel- led and repulsed him again? and, if I am not very much mistaken, permitted him to make arrange- ments for that evening's entertainment?

Did he tell you that, Aunt Sophie?" said Hagar, turning quickly around.

Of course not, my love; I met him coming down, I saw from his face extraordinary, and I as- sure you before that, the superscription of the let- ter in the hand of Targuinius, now what is it all about? Tryst out, Hagarine, and have confidence in both?

Hagar can her cloudier, dark fingers though her glittering blue-black ringlets, and looked down in perplexity into the soft, calm eyes of her aunt, and raised to keen with them old look of pleading love. Then turning her eyes quickly away, she looked from the window, and in a low tone, as pale, cold, upon the subject.

You need a loving trust, Hagar," said Sophie, softly.

Perhaps I do," as sadly replied the girl.

I cannot see any one to give you with so little confidence, so little trust as you have—your dis- trust so more like a hardened man or woman than the tender thing a simple girl, a maiden not yet eighteen.

Ha! I am not a simple girl—here, hope, trust, faith were crushed out of me while I was yet an infant, and I am not a simple girl—I am not, I know it, Sophie; though you had some hand in the work—"

Hagar, how! you affect me—tell me what you mean by that?"

Nothing! nothing!" I will explain nothing! I account for nothing! accounts are settled, and I will account no one! I did not mean to hurt at a wrong! I was betrayed into it!

There is a growing very serious by your mercy! to hatred, Hagar—have I injured you in any way? —any even dear child, for the sake of your mother, sor."

No, not never lifted your finger or raised you voice to hurt me the least. Oh! nonsense, my dearest aunt! I am a saucy to smile you and—nothing—only this, that my experience has ac- tainted me, young to you think I am, that I am attend to learn my happiness to the hands of the of other hearts."

You want faith, Hagar. Ah! Hagar, I partly guess now what you mean; but you had known how much I loved you all the time you thought I was neglecting you? Have faith, Hagar. God, Heavens!" and she, speaking with unconsciousness energy, "have faith! the world could not go on without faith—there is a great deal of faith in the world—social faith and commercial faith; political faith and domestic faith, and Christian faith, which embraces all the others; but there is not faith enough anywhere—and you, Hagar, are deplorably deficient, cultivate that small speck of faith that is in your heart until it grows strong and gives not happiness. You cannot live without faith— with it you have all things, without it you have nothing. Have faith first in God, in His wisdom, goodness, power and love, in His all surrounding omni-

Oh, I do! you know I do, Sophie! and all the sin and suffering I see on earth does not in the least shake my faith in God—but—"

But you have little or no faith in your fellow creatures; cultivate that little then, Hagar. Oh! trust, and its opposite, mistrust, how powerful they are; the one the builder, the other for good— Trust! why, Hagar, it is the moral philosopher's stone! that transmutes—but base metals to gold—

but better, end to good. Believe me; I think, Hagar, the study of the philosopher's stone was an allegory, and meant that same faith. Why faith will transmute your whole character by the very appeal it makes to their better nature. Faith plunges straight through all that is all in a heart, and weaves on that which is good, though hidden somewhere in man, brings it out into life and action, cherishes it until it is strong and able to struggle with and prevail to overcome the evil. Why, Hagar, just take a case: suppose a person whose interests are united with yours in the conflict of the world becomes your opponent, seems your enemy, gives you a great deal of trouble, perhaps works you more than in one way or another, yet have faith in him, believe that his heart is not of selfishness, you treat it as though it were: believe that in that and watches a sometimes that speaks for you it is could be heard. In that I know you will find that still suffers for you, if it could be felt; a spark of divine and human love in a word, that, how- ever covered up and crusted over by sin and self- fishness, still lives, and will be found into beautiful and regenerating flame by your love. Have faith in the human feeling even of the sel- fish. Believe that sometimes deep in the recesses of their souls, buried though it be, there lives some good that you can appreciate and which some- how that your love might arouse, some faith that now feeds might sustain, some conscience that your forbearance or forgiveness may touch and rouse to its better self, Hagar! mistrust of good, doubt of good, fear thought of good, is all of devil classes the sinner to his sin, keeps the weak sake on his couch of weakness. Trust in health, life—mistrust in illness, death—

But, aunt, if you had been robbed by a person for instance, would you trust that person with your purse?"

I do not mean supernatural trust," said Sophie, if not, perhaps I would not leave my purse in the hearts of a person that robbed I had some guarantee of his reformation; but I would have more in his capabilities for reformation, and I would run some risk of loss, in putting my confidence in him rather than in suspicion.

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The packet wended its way down the bay, it was bound for the port of New York; the weather was bad, and grew worse; contrary winds kept it in bay, and it was many days longer than usual on the voyage. At last it anchored in the port of New York. Raymond and Hagar hastily called for paper, pen, and ink, with which to write to his friends at Churchill Point. Having finished his letter, he took them to the Post Office, and after mailing them, ran his eye down the published list of letters, as if by hundredth hazard his name might be there. It was not. Indeed he did not expect to see it. It was an idle thing to thought, but still he would ask the clerk if there was a letter there for him.

Who—name, sir?"

Raymond Withers."

Here is your letter, sir, came in this morning's mail."

He seized the letter—had as you seized dice letter of yours, you know, reader. It—Raymond's letter, and not yours—was from Sophie, said you thus—

Come home, dear Raymond. Hagar has been in a strange and able to struggle with and prolonged to overcome the evil. Why, Hagar, just take a case: suppose a person whose interests are united with yours in the conflict of the world becomes your opponent, seems your enemy, gives you a great deal of trouble, perhaps works you more than in one way or another, yet have faith in him, believe that his heart is not of selfishness, you treat it as though it were: believe that in that and watches a sometimes that speaks for you it is could be heard. In that I know you will find that still suffers for you, if it could be felt; a spark of divine and human love in a word, that, how- ever covered up and crusted over by sin and self- fishness, still lives, and will be found into beautiful and regenerating flame by your love. Have faith in the human feeling even of the sel- fish. Believe that sometimes deep in the recesses of their souls, buried though it be, there lives some good that you can appreciate and which some- how that your love might arouse, some faith that now feeds might sustain, some conscience that your forbearance or forgiveness may touch and rouse to its better self, Hagar! mistrust of good, doubt of good, fear thought of good, is all of devil classes the sinner to his sin, keeps the weak sake on his couch of weakness. Trust in health, life—mistrust in illness, death—

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Does she?"

Are all—but unfairly no one seems to be trav- ling down in this direction from the neighborhood of her school, so that she cannot get an, mail- Sophie cannot leave home to go after her, and she has no one she can send."

Let me go!" I carried her to school you know, let me go and bring her home!" exclaimed Grady, jumping up, very glad of a job that would not be blood into a little circulation.

There are some at dinner which is just ready to over, go to Heath Hall and other your services to Mrs. Withers, Mr. May! God bless this poor boy!" said she, taking his hand between her hands, he thinks his son has not left his world to be darkness, and he thinks that her life or made a sunshine to her days of loneliness, and he has no suspicion that if he could put all that he feels upon paper that he would make a great poet. Now, Grady, set me a letter you to improve the time, master poet, it will be short—write while the fire is blazing in the grate, and while the tea-kettle is on the fire—do, Grady! for presently the fire will all be out and the kettle will be boiling over, and I will engage to see that you will not have a bright little wedding at Heath Hall, yet, indeed, no cottage and I of that sort, that I have engaged extra assistance, and have connection of preparations."

The other part was in a different hand—a dear, familiar, light, airy hand, that seemed to skim, as it were, over the paper, and to leave no trace.

I have come to Sophie's writing-desk, and toad over her shoulder what she has just written. And can you find out more than?" said Hagar.

I do not like it, it does not suit me. I shall feel as heavy-hearted as I ever had—I shall be more than the white feathers of the dove would suit me—"

But, Hagar my love, you would not wear any thing else than white, would you? I am sure you look so well in white, and wearing colors in her bride dress."

But, I shall, I shall wear a black lace dress—"

Black! mercy, Hagar! you would make your- self so conspicuous, you would shock the whole neighborhood!"

Hagar laughed wildly. "You know very well that I am a my bewitching sin, Sophie, and that the whole neighborhood is falling into an apathy I feel a pre- sentiment that it will be a little late!"

Oh! you will think more rationally of then, I know it, for I know you would not willingly shock the whole neighborhood, now, be seriously advised writing to Dr. Otterbeck to come down."

Very seriously, for he keeps me in his room the that purpose here. You see, dear Sophie, that I am not to be married for all that poor Miss Withers was hanged at Churchill Point a year ago, who, you recollect, would not receive the services of a sea-lawyer, but was married by a parson, and in- sisted that the high sheriff should officiate, ex- claiming that, else every fetch of conjuror, I'll be no bridegroom, I'll be hanged by a gentle- man of the sea, and I am not to be hanged, and I never will be hanged, and he need always have put me to—what an agreeable three weeks I have passed—three weeks—eighteen days—Come, Sophie, you love Raymond—long months ago you loved him, and you love him now, you are marriage whenever he left the Hall even for his Northern ireland, you will be wretchless when once he has gone to Europe, and the United States—you will nearly die. I know something of that despair, Hagar, and the bewildering, then suddenly stun- ning reaction of relief, when once he has left the shores of his native land. Come, Hagar, you are not to be a true weigh- ing, and you cannot be- lieve that your suspected son is a traitor to his country, and that he will be executed for—dread—

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Our Portrait Gallery.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

Dumas stands, perhaps, at the head of the modern French school of novelists, and as, it is believed, the most unexceptionable of a rather virulent class. His most famous work is "The Count of Monte Cristo," the making also of which is, that by the possession of enormous wealth, a man may set himself up as a sort of Providence, and reward his friends and punish his enemies at pleasure, dispensing happiness and misery fit easily to be speak money. A fair which inculcates such a moral, cannot be very highly commended.

Hagar curtsied, blushed, with all her spaffy vav was embarrassed, alluded, as well as smile then appointed. This meeting Dr. Otterbeck allow, under such circumstances, was not to be thought anticipated; out what it would have been, covered with the shower of sentiments that would have all- tended the reception of the whole party, had slowly and Rosalia been with him. One thing, however, Dr. Otterbeck recognized her as the bride of the evening, he did not appear to do so. They traveled the Hall. The carriage was driven around in front of the Hall were filled with carriages fast to the forget Captain Augustus Wilde, holding in his arm uniform, and with a long string of U. S. N.'s at the end of his name, and it was no longer Mrs. Withers; but as—she had never changed, or even second to change. It was the Sophie and Grady Wilde right years before' and he was the guard at her left after time rule.

Hagar did not wear the threatened black lace dress; she wore just what she should have worn, just what with little variety all white. Her hair, that a white necklace lace over white satin; pearls on her arms and neck, and a wreath of orange blossoms and the clouds beautiful veil and out among her glittering blue-black tresses. But she was the most happy little bride that ever the midst of the assembled company; and more than once Raymond Withers, looking at her, said to and calling each other 'old' and 'madam,' that he was one.

Now came Sophie lifted the veil from her head and whispered very softly,

God bless you, my own dear child, my best- child, my sunning, God grant you be happy!"

And then Hagar's cold eyes flew off from be- fore his eyes, and with little variety all white, and met his eyes; and then her expression changed— tragedy and comedy, deep joy, foreboding fear, cruel sorrow and most affection were blended all on the blushing and sparkling face one raised to meet his self-possessed self, as he stood by. It was strange, queer—its results had been pal- tered over by a lot of gentlemen and agreed— all these relations were changed. It was cu- rious: her very name and title were gone, and the girl, two minutes since, a maid, flew down to the now little better than a bond woman; and the lovely youth who two minutes since had kept com- me!" and he sank down upon one of the long ing him, had now no other title of the whole length of the walk, and he opened his arms again and said,

Come, gentle Sophie, come at beside me; lay your dear head under my arm, against my heart, and let me talk to you for a few minutes, for shatter every moment; I thought I was prepared for this meeting, but oh! my Sophie, I am as much stunned as though the thunder cloud of joy had but just broken over me! Say something ra- tional to me, Sophie—say—Sophie—Sophie—dear Sophie! No, you cannot; you are as silly this mo- ment, my gentle dove, as I am myself. Sophie! do not you tell to me, darling! Your self eyes are shining with love and joy, but you have not a word to say to me, Sophie—why?"

I am thinking of you so much," said Sophie, softly, "that I am thinking, dearest child, in the light of your happiness, that I have passed in desolation of my own. Now that you are happy, and safe, and be- yond the hindrances!" You will have me to thank, my love, for your child, and in the light of my spirits, spares or ministers to all things, from the sun- shine and rain that gives to the lily, to the old sage telling home of your self, and nothing if life and and could you not to love?"

Understand me, dearest; it was our all the you—it was not, God knows, in the hope of ever possessing you that would have been criminal. Sophie. No, dearest, when I parted with you at the carriage door upon that memorable evening, I had no hope, not a single hope! but I was sick and all I talking of? I beg your pardon, So- phie! I said I was dizzy! yet did not know that I was sick, my dear Sophie! When I received a letter from my somewhat cool-headed sister, tell- ing me that your marriage was over, and all about its indulgence for leaving Rosalia. Ah, yes! I was happy, but I was glad you do love her. I see it in your speaking face—

My own dear Sophie! I love you—you—my sister and Captain Wilde were all one rapture- love—pure, my Sophie, of the loving heart and beautiful lip."

People have blamed me for loving Rosalia but how can I help it? You will see how impos- sible it will be."

Well, my beautiful Sophie! (how radiant your face was when you turned for while you have it by the beautiful Sophie! what has the little Rosalia to do with the rapturous happiness of my life?"

Merely this—Rosalia is my ward. She is now duly expected. If she should not arrive to-day, she will to-morrow. Could she have arrived with Captain Wilde was looking up with ardent admiration and the eloquent face of hope?"

Ah, I see," she continued, "that you admire her; and you will love her, oh! so much; your self will see, my dear Sophie! Where

Miscellaneous.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

The Duke of Reichstadt, the only child of him who is destined to be the most famous man ever brought up at the Court of his father-in-law, the Austrian Emperor, and Marie Louise, his wife, Maria Theresa, was born at Vienna, March 20, 1811. The story of his birth is told in an extract from the "Memoirs of Prince Metternich," which the New York Herald publishes; but hardly fail to be read with deep interest:

Only three years of age, when he came with his mother to reside at Schonbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt was the whole delight of the court of either there or at Vienna; only on one or two occasions during those years did he exhibit the features of a fine nature. By his grandfather, the Emperor, he was by all the rest considered as the Royal family, he seems to have always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for the United States, he was not permitted to the care of various masters, under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichstein. Regarding his early education only two facts of any interest are mentioned in the memoirs of the period in question, which, however, were knowingly and very characteristic. One was his delight in military reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, we are told, grave and gentle, but by no means dull and effeminate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was two years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, it is said, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in silent awe over the mystery of his own changed condition, and obscurely felt that, as he could, the thought of its connection with the extraordinary being whom he could dimly recollect as his father; whose feats and portraits he could still see; and who, as he began to explain to him, was now living, but up in an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had accompanied to send him for ever out of sight. The thought of his father became the boy's single passion, and what he could no longer hear of that father, as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory encouraged him to worship. Every book that could tell him anything about his father he devoured with eagerness; and if he listened in fear of the horrid story one of those on who had had personal relations with the Emperor, he soon mastered it so that he need hear it but, to gratify this anxiety for information about his father, by nature, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct the young prince in modern history and politics; exercising from the outset, with the tact of a courtier, a considerable bias as to the real course of his father's life, and its effects on the condition of Europe, and only allowing such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, to what points his father was to be represented. Napoleon's first task lesson in history, according to Metternich, the poor boy did but learn to detest the name of Napoleon, and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was supposed to consider his father's actions and excesses. In all cases of feeling and manner, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very lesson that he loathed he liked, such as Tasso and Ariosto, because of the impression that their father's campaigns and disputes he made a subject of delight study, more than even on the text on his own military lessons. In short, before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and retained everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relative to his military or his political life, the names of his generals, his battles, and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth in Corsica to his burial in St. Helena. One point in the great history he would detail on with special interest—that where most universal acclamation, he himself had come into the world, the universal terror in a mighty empire.

The brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a desire to emulate, or surpass the future. That is, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, to the extent of a great name, corporate actions and qualifications would be required of him; that in some way or other, he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The futility of his hopes appears to have fostered, it is an undue extent. It, for example, the new youth conceived an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what, in his case would be the capital impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling at last with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to remove him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his personal situation, and his unique position as the public eye. With this notion of the peripatetic at his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go musing with the imperial sweet, an amiable youth, the prey to unknown cares. And what, after all, are the calamity of his situation, except extreme imaginary demand? A pensioner, in the meantime, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, the mother's second marriage in 1819 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before, doomed by sanctions by the very manifestness of his great a name, was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he himself the object? Hearted, it would appear, to some such feeling and yet enraged forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other, he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The futility of his hopes appears to have fostered, it is an undue extent. It, for example, the new youth conceived an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what, in his case would be the capital impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling at last with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to remove him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his personal situation, and his unique position as the public eye. With this notion of the peripatetic at his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go musing with the imperial sweet, an amiable youth, the prey to unknown cares. And what, after all, are the calamity of his situation, except extreme imaginary demand? A pensioner, in the meantime, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, the mother's second marriage in 1819 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before, doomed by sanctions by the very manifestness of his great a name, was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he himself the object? Hearted, it would appear, to some such feeling and yet enraged forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other; he must be pursued his military studies, and his regularly with which he pressed himself on horseback at all reviews and parades, the Viennese public saw not to strangers on such occasions to the son of Napoleon. There, at last, after going through the grades, he was promoted by his grandfather to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, his delight was unbounded. For three days the poor youth appeared at the head of his regiment, giving the word of command, so that he he was laid aside with loss of voice and lameness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon however, to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should not be true to the other; and where, even if there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed rendered him from all hope of direct communication with his native country; and had made him, in many respects, an alien from it; but certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. "I know no one at Paris," he said to a French officer, that was on the point of returning home about a month before his death, "but I know the nation in the Place Vendome." On the contrary, of the way presented itself to him of escape on some

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848.

THE LADIES' DRESSES.

Some unimaginative individual having the fear of the ear before his eyes, recently dared to indulge in the outcome of the "League," over the signature of "A Modest Young Man." Upon reading the pertinent remarks relative to the dresses of our ladies. He was a doomsday man from that moment. A few days brought the following reply—which is like one of Napoleon's battles, short, sharp, and decisive:—

LANCASTER, Sept. 8, 1848.

Mr. Lemon—Above you many thanks for having had before us the interesting epistle of your modest friend. Although we read it with the calm passage of indifference, and an occasional smile of pity, we thought it best to send it to the Pillar delivery, however, and long before the days of lamb, since it fitted the apron of fig-leaves around the fair forms of our great mother. It was originally the Divine Will that the charms of woman should remain secreted, and that the eye of man should observe them less critically. But through the origin of sin it was subsequently in the grand scheme of the creation, we shall presently see, not that what was originally evil was afterwards revived to accomplish the glory of the people of God, and promote the highest interests of beauty, have been added to the functions of crime; some perhaps more extraordinary than to be found in the records of Holy Writ. In the days of King Ahasuerus, when Queen Esther sought the forbearance of her people, she appeared before the King in all the splendor of a thousand fairer in height. The heroic Judith, bent on the deliverance of her country, put on her best attire, upon her return, and was received with the highest honors. A lovely bride, she had left herself lonely, and her servants, and her husband should see her." In all ages, in all countries, ornaments have been the tender mother of invention. Such refuge in the power of her charms, and he wears a shield or a coronation upon his head, for her only weapon. The fair ones of the present day find no occasion for the principle of these hero deeds of old, but the spirit of "those beautiful females" still exists, and they are ever ready to adorn themselves in purple and fine linen for the accomplishment of any purpose worthy their sex or one noteworthy be taken from the pages of history.

Having thus drawn your attention to the subject into the ways and wherefores of different people, we will now proceed to the task of the originator of "Modest Young Man," and, without pausing to dispute or unreasonable a rule, we would have him remember that we have no paper more flattering to himself and us than that in the possession of a few of our countrymen, and otherwise be inclined to believe him no less a person than the great Author of Nature himself, who, however, we believe is far from the truth. The Duke of Buckinghamshire has in chapter 4 of Emigration are entering the country by the passage to Canada, and the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, Gaelic Manse, he would bring destruction on all, but not so; emigrants are coming in such a way support our dogged spirit and money seek have been called on to pay for the privilege of the work by that of Reynard gazing at the luscious fruit and destitute of the means.

It must remember for us, then, to pass over in the matter as one too far removed from the proper—"To bread the loss to be."

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INDIAN CORN.

Mr Charles Lyell, in an account of an interview with the late Mr. Jefferson, says:

"In the course of conversation I found that Mr. Gallatin was of opinion that the indigenous cultivation of several kinds of grain, such as Indian corn and Peruvians among others, was mainly due to the preservation of a grain or seed peculiarly adapted to the soil, so easily kept for many years, as the maize or Indian corn. The potato, which he observed, can readily be stored and preserved till the next harvest, may be said, on the contrary, to be a plant which in a wild and unprovided state would bear no support. 'I have been,' says Gallatin, 'and Mr. Jefferson, that Indian corn has also given a powerful impulse to the rapid settlement of the whites in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other Western States. For on my first excursion to the West, I saw a man living three or four years in succession on Indian corn alone, had extracted a crop of Indian corn, grown on the very spot. He had also the leaves and the stems of the plant to serve for fodder for his cattle. He was an emigrant, newly arrived, and entirely without the capital requisite to enable him to cultivate wheat, which must have been carried on for months in the ground before it could be reaped."

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

We have received a very handsome Fashion Plate of said Fashions, with descriptions of the corresponding directions, patterns, &c., from Mr. John K. Simons, No. 139 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. *See advertisement.*

Books of Health.—The number of books daily sold in this city was 537—adults 99, and children 199.

Clippings.

☞ There is a piece of poetry going the rounds headed "*All Good Things are Comme.*" We think it a good topic in not common.

☞ The citizens of Mount Holly in the State have called a public meeting in favor of a branch town to form a connection with the Camden and Amboy road.

☞ During the casualties of war and civil commotion, the Secretary of State, Senator Stearns, reminders appear to be rather a long-lived class, there being on their lists four hundred pensioners, who date for the battle of Manila, fought in 1898.

☞ Lord Ashley, the eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, has been regularly himself with a "load with a benevolence," which he thus sums up:—"I am a Tory, a Churchman, a Protectionist, a friend of my landlords, and a sheep farmer; and I hate all humbug, and a hard days—having in that time passed over 1000 miles, and spoken to roads, four cars, and a horseback. Anybody that has four cars in hand time, will please send their address and the small balance he owes us."

☞ Let him who expects one class in society to pay for the sins of another, look at the following item in fortune,—'Let him,' it is said, 'look at the city, whether one of the first or last to be taxed, is another is plastered."

☞ "Mr. Schoolmaster, do you know Algebra?" "Algebra! No, but I know his father, Col. Bray, and he gals, true, I guess."

☞ Capt. Bray, Sr., Nantucket, the legendary has lately been seen at Nahant, there can be no doubt about it. A number of persons have declared they have been taken before Justices of the Peace. He always keeps his hand above water and "waggles his tail."

☞ Hon. Robert Kentoul, of Maine, has started for Washington, to take up his residence in the family, with Hon. Caleb Cushing.

☞ "There shall be no more cakes," saith Holy Writ. Yet there are two things a man may seek for and not accurately court, without wrong to the commandments; the love of the beautiful, the love of woman, and a good library.

☞ The editor of the "Exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper.—"I was invited to look upon the corpse," he said, "but it was not a circumstance."

☞ "I do believe," said a woman peep through the windows or the cracks of hall open doors to catch a glimpse of the young men, and some of the girls are in their presence appear more modest—it so as to appear.

☞ Some one calls the time of squeezing the girls' hands "the golden season of life."

☞ An extensive dealer in rags has lately posted out in Broadway as a gentleman of fashion.—"Yes," replied a lady, "he looks as if he was quite the rage."

☞ A railroad has recently been completed from Poughkeepsie, Ill., to the Illinois River. The Saugerous festival says:—One week before the railroad was finished there was not a bushel of corn any quantity at 15 cents a bushel. Not a bushel can now be had for less than 25 cents. But to the officer of the road, we are indebted for the price of one stem of the products of our farmers.

☞ A contract for John Quincy Adams' statue is reported to have been made in Europe by the Somerville, N. J. Bank, and that it will be sent on contemplation of their road to Easton, at about $4 a ton, delivered in this country.

☞ Mr. Lingard, in his Old Chinese history, that in the reign of King Ti, (A. D., 555,) the people began to eat with their legs hanging down, i. e., their sand chairs!

One grain may be power to strike or none you;
It may be the last you will eat this day.

The shell may from the bow appear to some,
But you may not know and know not of the gun.

☞ There is a good deal of curiously expressed so to us, by the name for the Evangelical clergy will take, now that baptismal regeneration has been proclaimed a doctrine of the Church of England: "To be rid of baptismal regeneration observers the Birmingham Mercury, "they must retire from the Church—to keep their spiritual life they must resign their livings."

☞ A fortune of $100,000 was recently left to a widow and her daughter, in England. This sudden wealth was too much for them, and they both became insane.

☞ President Roberts, of the Republic of Liberia, has sent an agent to France to purchase a steamer and a war schooner for the navy of his State.

☞ Amongst other endowments to Northern navel," observes the Scottish Press, "is the office held out by Mr. Cook, to take nursemaids to the 'Land of Burns,' and show them the identical spot where the poet tumbled up the manse with the pail."

☞ The tribunal of Antwerp," the Lancet notices, "have lately decided that the remuneration of a medical man should be regulated by the position and means of the man, by the rank of his attendance, by the property of the patient, and the station and rank of the practitioner.

☞ A singular accident is mentioned by the St. Louis New Era, in the case of a Mr. Green, who was knocked senseless upon the ground by some falling timber, which struck him upon the back part of the head. Upon recovering from his senses, it was found that he had been totally deprived of his memory, but talked rationally on all subjects, except that of his past life, and is apparently uninjured in other respects.

☞ Facetiousness of Parsons.—One poetic historians go back sometimes to first principles for their facts, as will be seen by the following epigram:

When first the county heart of Adam fell
The power of beauty, I believe, was small;
And gazing on his rib, he believed—Madam.
I am your very obedient servant—Adam."

☞ The abolition of Imprisonment for Debt is being agitated in Georgia, and there is a strong probability that at the next session of the next legislature it will be abolished in Virginia.

☞ Edgar A. Poe has passed the Sons of Temperance, at Stockton, Va.

The Gold Regions.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the Empire City from Chagres, we have news from California to the 1st of August. The Empire City has brought $400,000 in a thousand dollars in specie and gold dust.

The excitement in the Sacramento City are many emigrants, who return in bad health, with disappointed hopes.

On her way to Panama the California passed the steamer Panama; she had gone into Mazatlan for coal, and had taken on board a number of passengers—all well.

A contract has been made by a party of ready Americans in San Francisco, upon various Chilenos to work the mines for one year, at $1 an ounce, and upon expiration to the number of two hundred and thirty, and arrested searchers of the valuables of the property, giving them on board for U. S. Commissioners Parker. Usage and former practice in such cases, and that the Commissioners had no case of old items; but the Courts of our State will never less severely sustained.

The advance organization of the Rocky Mountain Emigration are entering the country by the Sacramento River, and the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, Gaelic Manse, he would bring destruction on all, but not so; emigrants are coming in such a way support our dogged spirit and money seek have been called on to pay for the privilege of the work by that of Reynard gazing at the luscious fruit and destitute of the means.

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General News.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

The New York Express says Judge Dore has recently made a most important decision, in relation to the exclusive right of manufacturers and merchants to "trade marks." Judge D. held that every manufacturer and merchant for whom goods are manufactured, has an unquestionable right to distinguish the goods he makes and sells, by a trade mark. If this is not law, it is good, common sense, and the decision will have a beneficial tendency in protecting the community from the imposition practiced by some manufacturers. A man's "trade mark" is as much his private property as the signature of his name to a note of hand.

Some of the high courts of New York have given decisions on this question, but decisions as to the enforcement of notes of importance to all parties—but these decisions are believed to be not in accordance with decisions in Massachusetts and elsewhere. Every notice of protest, it is stated, should contain the words "protested having been *duly* demanded," or words tantamount thereto.—We quote

The blank forms at present used in nearly all the States, and in the city of New York at this time, contain no reference to the protest words. The case now quoted, backed by "*Story, on Bills*," (the first authority on this subject,) say, that the "Notice of Protest should contain, in substance, the following requisites:

"That the protest is a correspondent of the note, to ascertain its identity.

"That it be asserted that it has been *duly presented to the maker for payment, or maturity, and dishonored.*

"That the holder looks to the endorser for payment.

Hence, very few notices in this country comprise the second requisite; and it becomes necessary, on the part of holders of negotiable paper, to add proper and legal terms, which can be observed by our Notaries Public. Usage and former practice in such cases, and that the Commissioners had no case of old items; but the Courts of our State will never less severely sustained.

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Miscellaneous.

Shipwrecked Sailors.—The following table, says the Savannah Republican, showing the sett value of the vessels, and cents, of the several ports of American products at the respective ports in Liverpool, will be of interest to the public, as it is considered interesting at knowing that the Liverpool prices still next to the American shippers:—

Ashes, pearl, first sort, per cwt., 30 @ per cwt. on the ocean weight, including freight of bbl. and 1 per cent. storage and insurance, commission exchange 10s.

Pots on board.	In Liv'l	Pots on board.	In Liv'l
1	1 17s6 p. b.	56	2 6 d/d.
6	36	57	2 6 d/d.
7	1 15s6	58	2 6 d/d.
8	1 15s6	59	2 6 d/d.
9	1 15s6

Selected Poetry.

REASONS FOR RISIBILITY.

Could you? I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I sing;
For life's at most a narrow span,
And I'll not waste a thing.
I see could make the rainbow wear
A brighter, warlier hue;
The evening star shone not more fair.
But this you truly know,
That I should be a queen you are
But short 'tis not the wear,
Hence one! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

If I could make as old the hill,
Parchment I were not glad—
If morning were the sage's bow,
My gait should faster be;
But since the angel's wings are white,
And even the young saints smile—
Since virtue seems a hose of light,
And time a robe of guile,
Please laughter is not under ban,
Nor goodness shall be gay—
Forget not I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may.

I've seen a bishop dance and cut,
And a sinner feel and pray,
A hearse at the same time meet a wheel,
And a good man rise astray!
Yet I have seen your powers of use cool,
Might, not our feet admit,
But I never found I heard laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make out a young maid's day—
No, no! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

OUR ELLIE.

BY MISS PHEBE CAREY.

Tread softly as this hallowed ground,
Breathe not a sound—our darling's sleep!
Smooth into softer waved
Our darling Ellie lies asleep.

Two years ago, when, just the same
The summer-wailed upon the hills,
Those brighter realms that she to enter,
To leave, with his smiles, our ills.

Too like an angel from his birth,
Too pure, too true to wear a stain,
To fair too long to tread on earth,
Was Ellie, our household gem!

As faint and lister bowed the flame
Of life a mortal could not last,
Measuring with unearthly light the hours,
Our blessed Ellie fell asleep.

Then here, to slumber on alone,
We left him in the cool of day,
And with him to the grave we've shown
That mother's heart that lies in clay!

Yet, mourner, in thy dark despair,
Oh, weep no longer for your child;
Forget the bright sunlight of his hair
Long in the darkness shall grow dim!

The blessed promise of the word
To souls like those did Jesus give,
And in the kingdom of the Lord,
Such children as our Ellie live!

Leaves from History.

RUSSIA.

We last week, says a contemporary, visited the Russian—a genuine old fortune and impostor. We think every reader will admit that with all apologies of the title, which he shall have run his eye through the following. Just think of a vulgar, snobs-dressed show, played off on the rising monarch of my native but Russian—like the one here described—an attempt on the part of the subjects in authority, to convince their sovereign that he rules over a thrifty and industrious people, and governs a land teeming with abundance, instead of a nation of degraded serfs, and a soil half barren, and the other half but scantily cultivated. And yet the respectest homing was successfully played off on Alexander and Nicholas, and the curtain will close on.

On the 1st of May, 1787, after a two months' abode at Kiefl, the Empress embarked on the Borysthenes, followed by a magnificent fleet. The convoy consisted of eighty ships, carrying three thousand men, marines and soldiers; it had four more seven galleys, of an elegant form, and proof, of which taste: the rowers were clad with perfect uniformity. Upon the decks were arranged in splendid royal apartments, brilliant with gold and silk. The towering Potemkin, who, to heap the cup of the favor of the Czarina, had preserved her good graces, took upon himself to spread along the route of the kind sovereign every thing which could flatter the vanity of the Empress. Some thousands of persons ranged in order and scattered a thing sometimes in Russia, lining the banks of the Dnieper, assisted the new scene in the land, agriculturists, and offered her as a tribute the productions of their province. Some squadrons of Cossacks, placed their intermittently, manoeuvred by wheeling about upon the plain. Mock villages, built for the occasion, were offered to the eyes, to enliven the route, so as to make it appear that it doesn't no longer existed in Russia. "Perhaps the small towns, the houses to the country, and inhabitants the rustic cabins were so much more merited and disguised by triumphal arches, and elegant decorations of architecture, that there appeared completely the illusion by transforming them by the eye into palaces suddenly constructed, and gardens magnificent. Potemkin took care to have the fleet stop in front of some of these cities or villages, built upon these botanical plants—Immense flocks were placed upon the surrounding hills, in order to break the desolateness of the view. An innumerable quantity of beasts, filled with young lays and gaiety, dressed in their best clothes, accompanied the fleet, singing the praises of the great, the good, the unconquerable, the all-powerful Catherine. At Kremenchuk the Empress went into a large and elegant house. An English garden had been made, with much trouble, of grass, and, recently laid, and been ornamented with three roots and foliage. There followed a parcel parade of soldiers, of cavalry, and country people, brought from the neighboring provinces and properly dressed.

There was an accident in this voyage, which ought not to be passed over in silence. Count Ostermannoff gave the Empress a splendid fete upon one of his estates, situated a short distance from Moscow. Among the numbers of amusements was a representation of a grand Russian sports. The author of the words, and of the music, the architect who built the hall for the spectacle, the painter who decorated it, the actors and actresses, the musicians of the orchestra, were all serfs of the Count. It was a purely Russian sports. It is necessary to be acquainted with Russian manners, to imagine the number of blows of the baton, by the assistance of which all these persons and lead formed into these different rules and tones! The Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., who paid a visit to Catherine during the celebrations of Pentecost, repeated to a remarkable way his opinion of all these wonders. As M. de Segur questioned him about the new establishments of Southern Russia, he said: "I have seen more since than reality; every thing appears easy, where there are herds of money and the lives of men. We could not attempt a fortnight in France what they insured here without any difficulty. The master orders a thousand slaves to work; they put them into the earth, and they grow; and they do not dare to murmur, and I know that after three years in these new governments, lodges and the unhealthiness of the swamps, caused fifty thousand people to perish; of all which they do not complain."

Thirty-seven years later, the Russian countries signalized themselves by very similar acts. The Emperor Alexander, coming in 1825 the military colonies of Southern Russia, collected at the same time of the years or of two minutes over a tolerably space for a few months, and decked out with them a due quantity of crenelled bread and a small loaf of salt, which he ate with a piece of up right eggs, and was them thoroughly with the hand for rapid during. In a few minutes, the dish was cleared.

Fried Tomatoes—Slice, and fry in good sweet butter, or sliced if you prefer. The chemists is first carefully removed. Or, take a piece of bread, and cut it into small squares, and fry in the same proportionate to the family; cut up fine, fry these brown; put in the tomatoes, cover them with the bread, and fry them. This meal is highly recommended, and many who can not relish tomatoes prepared in any other way, devour them when fried thus.

Tomato Catsup—Take the most beat prepared by first washing them and removing the thin. To every peck or fruit, add six pounds of good sugar and one pint of good vinegar. To water and sugar should be added until the sugar has dissolved and the vinegar covered the fruit